

## The Evening World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 14,946.

## WAITING.

The coal road presidents have announced their policy, or rather they have ratified the policy which was announced as theirs in yesterday's Evening World.

They will not make any effort to end the strike. Why should they? With \$9,000,000 of profits already in their pockets as the result of extortion prices for their reserve stock of anthracite, and \$40,000,000 more in prospect if the strike can only last until September, it is obviously to their interest to do nothing.

They are waiting, only waiting, for the strike to wear itself out, for the strikers to get tired of living on strike benefits and to drift away. When the time comes to resume mining, when the reserve stock is all disposed of at extortion prices and the new schedule is firmly fixed to cover the year's output there will be plenty of labor available.

In the meanwhile the stupid and helpless public will accept the inevitable and resign itself to the situation. It will not kick. It will not even laugh when Roosevelt and his Cabinet take the stump to tell the country what they are doing about the trusts.

Exit the "Car Ahead."—The new ordinance against the "car ahead" nuisance has been signed by the Mayor and is warranted to hold in law against any opposition of the surface traction monopoly. It is too much to hope that there will be no resistance. Monopolies are not built that way.

## MR. FROHMAN'S RETURN.

This is the time of year when importers are returning from Europe with stocks of fall and winter goods and among them Mr. Charles Frohman must rate as one of the heaviest. His trunks are filled to bursting with foreign dramatic literature, an inventory of which promises an unusually full theatrical season. All the prominent London playwrights from Anthony Hope to Arthur W. Pinero have contributed their quota to the manager's stock of plays, thus assuring us the best the market affords in the way of dramatic novelties. Within those brass-bound trunks there are problem plays that are long will set critics by the ears, "society" dramas that will add an edge to the most jaded appetite and perhaps one work of art worthy in strength of situation and in literary finish of the best traditions of dramatic authorship.

New York first-nighters are fortunate in having this fat budget opened for them by the magnate of the Theatrical Trust. No other city has anything to compare with it in quality, not even Paris. Nor on the stage of any other city could these plays be set more brilliantly than here. Great is the theatrical magnate. He winks and new stars twinkle, he nods and drawing-room Shakespeares rise to do his bidding. He moves his hand and a stage enchantment opens to the view. And with each motion the dollars fly from the public's pocket to his.

Properly Advertised.—And now is it not about time for the heroine of the great diamond robbery to announce her reappearance on the stage?

## WORSE THAN JILLY.

Every one of the reasons put forward by the Aldermanic combine in defense of their "hold-up" of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel contract is silly and worse than silly. It is silly to object that the contract contains no eight-hour clause or union-labor clause, or that the franchise is perpetual, or that the compensation is inadequate, or that it creates a monopoly, or that its effect will be to build up Montauk Point at the expense of New York, or that the contract was made by the Rapid Transit Commission.

The real and only objection in the Aldermanic mind was that the contract contained no provision whereby any Alderman could see anything in it for him. Better things were expected from Borough President Cantor.

It is now evident that this great improvement must wait until the city gets either new legislation or a new Board of Aldermen.

The Aldermen's Opposition.—It was only the highest moral motives and the most considerate regard for the rights of man that urged the Aldermen to oppose the Pennsylvania tunnel. Why should any one have suspected any other motive?

## COMMENDABLE CHARITIES.

A Mrs. Lowden, of Chicago, a daughter of the late George A. Pullman, has bought a large tract of land in a beautiful country region within easy reach of Chicago with the intention of devoting a part of her fortune to establishing a summer home not for herself but for the poor children of Chicago.

Her project appears to be on the same lines as the farm home which John W. Gates is establishing and as the still vaster project of Mr. and Mrs. Schwab on Staten Island.

These are admirable charities. In an ideal republic they would not be needed, for there would be no destitution, but we have not yet reached ideal conditions, and there is ample room for the exercise of philanthropy in caring for the destitute children of our great cities.

Nothing Doing.—President Roosevelt wants his Cabinet to take the stump and to tell the people what they are doing about the trusts. It will not take them long to tell it.

## THE RAID ON PHIL DALY'S.

The gambling clubs of Long Branch were closed last season, but in May Justice Fort was prevailed upon to grant them licenses with restaurant privileges to sell liquor. As restaurants they seem to have since assumed the functions of Tenderloin "ping-pong clubs," for when Sheriff Davis and his posse entered the Pennsylvania Club, Phil Daly's, last night they found green baize tables with chips and cards on them and groups of men about who appeared somewhat disconcerted at sight of the officers. Daly and his assistants were arrested and the inmates let go. The sheriff's idea seems to have been that the main thing in such a raid is to get the proprietor.

It is obvious, as Mr. Canfield, Mr. Lichtenstein and others expert in such matters will agree, that the success of this raid was due less to some relaxation of vigilance on Mr. Daly's part than to the sheriff's disregard of the proprieties of the occasion. It is expected of a sheriff at such a time and place, as of a police captain, that he should proceed with deliberation, peer through the wicket with a moderate assumption of curiosity and then depart on the assurance of the lookout that it is a private club. "Honest John" Kelly can relate an experience of this kind. When a sheriff grows rude and impudently curious anything may happen.



## The Funny Side of Life.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN.

**THE TRUE REASON.**  
"Why does the lightning never strike twice?"  
In the same place?" asked Johnnie for knowledge asked.  
"Because," answered papa, "the same place ain't there."

After the lightning has scored strike the first."

**MORE SENSIBLE.**  
"Do you ever worry about money?"  
"Not I. Only about the lack of it."

**OUT OF REACH.**  
"The bell tower in Venice, after standing nearly 1,000 years, collapsed."  
"Gee! I wonder what punishment the court'll give the builder?"

**DIFFERENT.**  
"Did you go to South Dakota for a change of air?"  
"No. For a change of husbands."

**BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF.**  
"The puller-in at the clothing store got fresh and I punched him. See how the blow barked my knuckles."  
"Well, what else did you expect when you punched a barker?"

## BORROWED JOKES.

**SURELY NOT.**  
Assum—Don't you think it would be interesting to know how and when our proverbs were first used?

Bungle—Well, I'd like to know who the idiot was who originated "It's never too late to mend."

Assum—Why?  
Bungle—I'll bet he never put on a hired bathing suit and didn't discover until he got into the surf that it was ripped.—Philadelphia Press.

**HELPED HIMSELF.**  
"When I came to this town eighteen years ago," said the leading citizen, "I had only 18 pence in my pockets." However, the cynic kindly added, "there were other pockets."—The Hits.

**LONG AGO.**  
"What makes Noah look so glum?" asked one sinner of another. "Does the ark leak?"

"No, the ark's all right," said the second sinner; "but he's got to wait until the price of corn goes down. It would bankrupt him now to buy food for the animals."—Daily Nonpareil.

## SOMEBODIES.

**ARONSON, RUDOLPH**—who lately gave the Sultan of Morocco the latter's first piano lesson, has received from his Royal pupil a jeweled Moorish sword.

**DELAUREY, GEN**—like Lord Roberts, lost a son in the Boer war. Young Delaurey was but fifteen and was killed at the Modder River by his father's side.

**DEPPEW, CHAUNCEY**—is said to be in consultation with various French doctors with a view to his son's studying medicine. Young Depew will probably have a private laboratory at the Pasteur Institute.

**MILDAN, GOV.**—of Connecticut, is recovering at the Isle of Shoals from a bad attack of nervous prostration.

**MANN, ADIN**—City Engineer of Elgin, Ill., who was probably the oldest active civil engineer in America, has just retired at the age of eighty-two, having followed his profession for sixty-three years.

**PRINCE ADELBERT**—third son of the Kaiser, has opened his own house, especially built for him, at Kiel. He is eighteen.

**SCANNELL, J. J.**—has just bought at auction the farm of his old friend, Gen. Brinkerhoff, at Fishkill Landing, and has turned the estate over to the General for life.

**VICTOR EMMANUEL**—King of Italy, is a great cake eater and seldom touches wine.

## OH, LET ME LIFT THY VEIL!

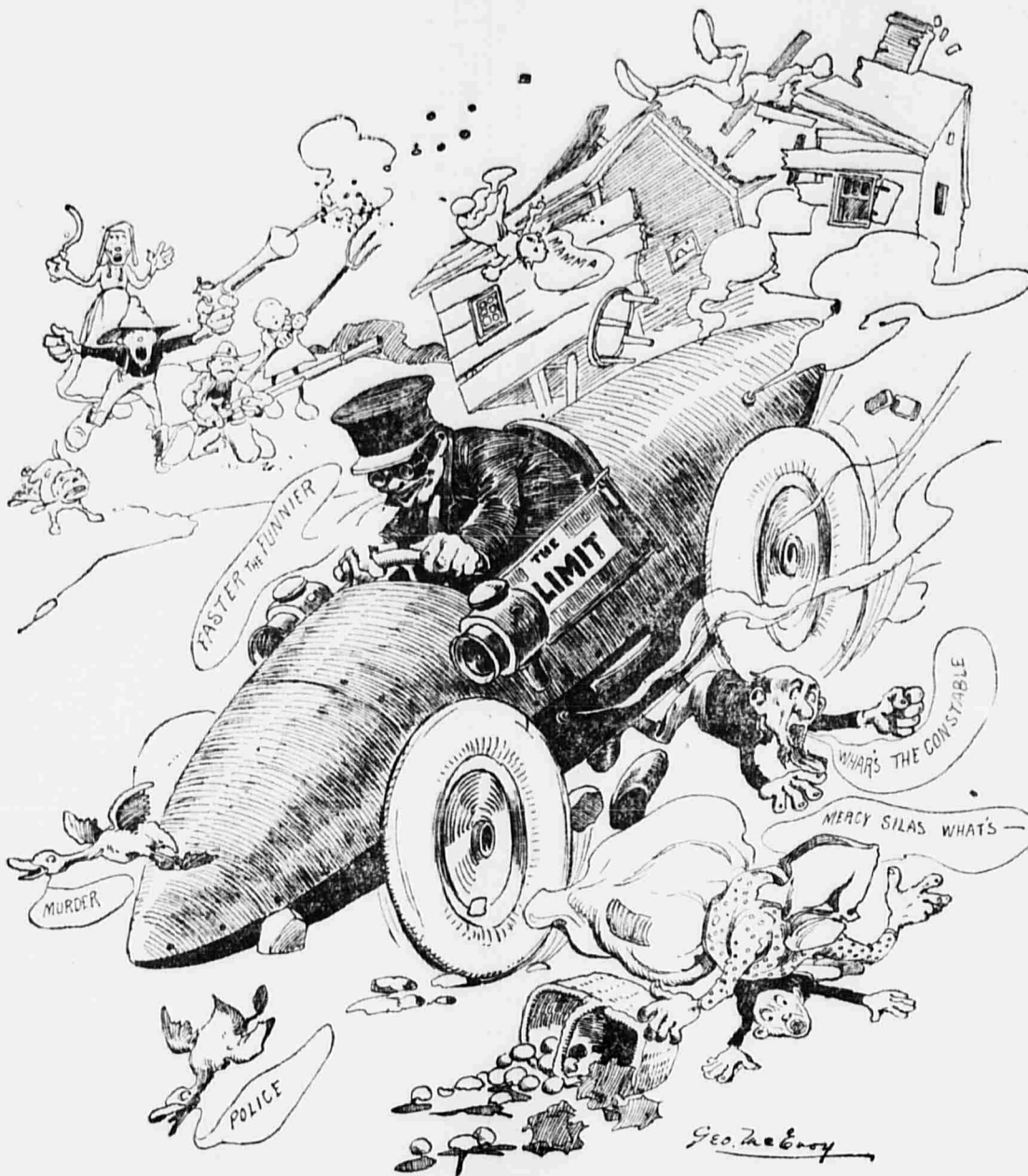
Then let me lift thy veil, dear bride,  
Oh, lift thy veil to me!  
If clouds the fairest moon did hide,  
Less fair the moon would be.

And if the sun be in thy hair,  
On sunlight I will live;  
Or if the midnight nestle there,  
To Night thy soul I'll give.

Then let me lift thy veil, dear bride,  
And let mine eyes declare  
The love my lips in vain had tried  
To tell thy beauty rare.

—James J. Roche in Smart Set.

## THEY FEAR THE BRAINLESS CHAUFFEUR.



It's not the autos that chug-chug and whirr-r-r and choo-choo-choo  
Along Long Island roads Long Island farmers view with rue:  
It's the cherty chap with nippy brain that "chaufs" the swift machine  
And cuts her loose for all she's worth that's the real terrorize.

## DOUBTFUL.



He—All the fellows at my club admire you.  
She (cuddly)—Is that so?  
He—You don't seem to like compliments.  
She—On the contrary, I do like compliments.

## INDUCEMENTS.



"Oh, Gladys, would you marry me if I was to tell you that I have an automobile, \$50,000, my own house and a lot of other things?"  
"Oh, Gladys, would you marry me if I was to tell you that I have an automobile, \$50,000, my own house and a lot of other things?"

## NEW SENSATION.



Tommy Fly—Dear me, if I could only get aboard this thing I know it would beat the "loop-the-loop" all to pieces.

## FOREARMED.



Dealer—If you'll step into the dark room, sir, I'll show you how to put the plates into your camera. Mr. Smartwheed—Not me! Guess I know too much to do dickerin' in the dark.

## FLOORED.



Willie—Ethel's pa owns a bank, he does.  
Milly—Huh, that's nothing. Freddie Smil's pa used to work in a candy store.

## FREAKS.



Fat Lady—The manager said he was going to put in a giant next week. Midget—I suppose if they ever win a game he will put the whole team in, eh?

## TAKING NO RISKS.



Bartender—Colonel, are you going to any watering place this summer? Col. Rye, of Kentucky—Well, I guess not.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## Two Boys Complain.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
We would like to know if it is right for the attendant at one of the docks to make blue stripes over our legs with his rattan just because we made a rush for a seat at the same time with a man and did not leave the pier quick enough for him.

JACOB BERGER, ABE COHEN.

## Rivals Mary MacLane.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Mary MacLane claims to be a genius; but I am the undaunted title, without the toothbrush. Speaking of teeth, I went to a dentist and he pulled the wrong tooth. Then he pulled the right one. As those were the only two I had I have no need of a tooth brush. I

write a great deal and my books are the most marvellous bits of literature. The foregoing is a specimen. It beats M. MacLane in three rounds.

CHAMBERS SKIN.

## Monarchy and Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The influence of the mighty men of wealth is conspicuously shown by the remarkable attention shown to them by mighty monarchs. Hereditary descent, the possession of a time-honored title (say, for instance, the Duke of Norfolk, head of the noble house of Howards), appears to be losing a part, at least, of the respect which it commanded for centuries. It is safe to say that Sir Thomas Lipton, the tea merchant, is a person of almost as great consequence at the

court of Edward VII. as the great nobleman who is the hereditary Earl Marshal of England. It must not be supposed, however, that the wealth of Sir Thomas Lipton equals that of the Duke of Norfolk. I doubt very much whether Sir Thomas, with the whole of his wealth, could buy even one of the several estates of the Duke, supposing it to be in the market. The movements of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan are reported as minutely as those of any European monarch and are followed, apparently, by the reading public (which means the vast majority of the people) with more interest than they take in the actions of any of the prime ministers of Continental nations. Is it too much to say that the position of the power of money by great monarchs and rulers

will eventually result in a radical change in the methods of high statesmanship? ANGLO-AMERICAN.

Love and Ice Cream.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
There is a gentleman who declares himself to be in love with me. Yet when we go walking on an evening and I happen to say "My, but it's a warm night!" or "Oh, dear! How thirsty I feel!" as we happen to pass an ice-cream parlor, he always just tightens his grip on my arm and strides forward abstractedly. Readers, ought I to ask him point blank to treat, or do you think he realizes what I am thinking? I don't think it can be his stony, for he bought a roll of popcorn for a girl I know, down at Coney Island once.

## ODDITY CORNER.

## ELEPHANTS.

It is estimated that there are fewer than 10,000 wild elephants left in all the countries on the globe, and that five of these will be killed off where one is born. It is a matter of only a few years when the last must go.

## MT. ETNA.

Mount Etna is found by Prof. Rieco to have been lowered sixty-five feet on the south since 1888 and twice as much on the north. The top is supposed to have been slowly blown away by the wind.

## MOON'S HEAT.

It is probable that the temperature of the moon's surface at its midday is 750 degrees Fahrenheit. The drop at night is probably 1,000 degrees to 250 degrees below.

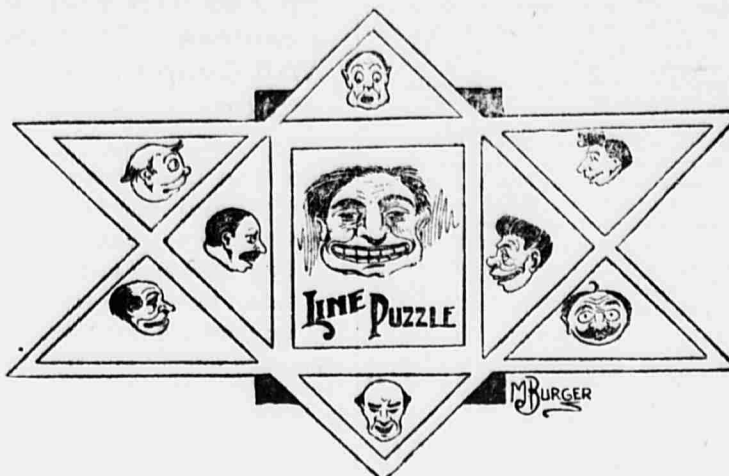
## OUR BLOOD.

The amount of blood in the human body is one-thirteenth of the body weight.

## SWIFT.

Sound moves 1,142 feet per second. Light 192,000 miles a second and electricity 288,000 miles a second.

## JUST ONE LINE AROUND ALL.



This is an interesting and difficult puzzle, as you will discover if you try to do it. The idea is to start at any point and draw a continuous line through the open spaces of the frame without crossing the line anywhere, until you have completed the circuit of the nine pictures included in the frame.

## ONE OF THE NEW RAILWAYS.



Here is a picture of one of the world's newest railways, and this is about all there is of it except some more track. It is safe, if not speedy, and it runs through the woods about Delhi, India.

## THE BOWERY GIRL AGAIN.

## Owen Kildare Tells of "The Party's" Hanging Garden on the Fire-Escape.

Listen!  
I have no use for a fellow who thinks his Party is no more than something like a trolley car; that all he's got to do is to take it on a run and catch it, and that's all there's to it. There isn't a day that I do not come across something new in my Party.

And that's what I want; I want to know and understand her all in all.

As for me, she has me sized up long ago—has come to the conclusion that I am not the cream of perfection, but that I about would just suit her.

Now, where she works they have a lot of typewriters—both machines and girls—and some of them are very fond of flowers—the girls are.

The other day one of them took off the window sill a little plant, all yellow and dried up.

The Party, who is something like a foreman or a boss in the shop, just happened to come into the room as the flower pot was to be thrown into the refuse barrel.

Not saying anything to anybody, she stepped over and rescued pot and flower from their impending fate.

The old lady and I were sitting in the kitchen when The Party came home with the thing wrapped up in a paper. I wouldn't have given two cents for it.

Every leaf and twig was seared and drooping. Where the flower had once blossomed there was nothing but a withered, yellowish ball.

But she is not much in the habit of asking other people's advice—after she has her mind made up—and gently holding me out of my chair at the window, she put the plant on the fire-escape.

I might as well tell you that in the lease of my Party's mansion nothing is mentioned about the view.

And still, it is not entirely without picturesqueness. For instance, I know the exact number of shirts which make Mr. Clancy's bosom—on the floor below—look brighter far than the rainbow and speak louder than Gabriel's trumpet.

And that is not the only family secret which is aired on the line.

On days when the lines are bare, then it is not so interesting. Then the lines seem like some weird system of telegraph wires, running from window to window, from house to house; here one carries a bit of spare joy to a home where sorrow is brooding; there another brings warning to a camp of the flowing can.

Were I but a poet I could find a song there—The Song of the Penmen Lines.

But as it was I was kind of sore on The Party for apolling the vista with that measly little plant.

I began to hate it and refrained from looking at it. It was long after, when I stuck my head out of the window to listen to my favorite song, which a wandering minstrel was singing in the yard, and collided with that confounded flower pot, and—

Every leaf was green and fresh. Instead of one withered blossom there were flowers in full bloom, and even the stem of the plant seemed erect and proud of its purpose.

I didn't say a word, just watched, and ere long The Party went to her hanging garden.

I have seen pictures of flower girls, but none of them was more delicate, more tender than my dear little Party in caring for her little flower.

Now, neither she nor I could tell a pine tree from a rose bush; we do not know the name of our flower; we're from and of the city—the east side, at that; but whatever its name it has its mission.

It has taught me much about my Party.

It has given me a direct peep into her heart of hearts, and it prophesies that if she can change the withered, warped flower into new and glorious blossoming by her care and foresight, she will surely change me, a tough old weed, into at least something as useful as cabbage.

Now the whole fire-escape is full of flowers. I don't know what they are, but I got them just the same, and The Party is happy.

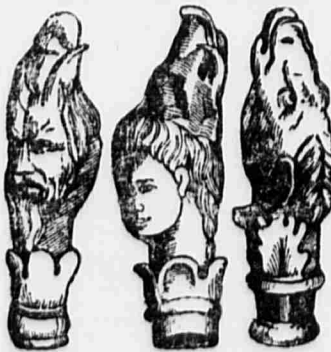
OWEN KILDARE.

## THE DOUK-DOUK.



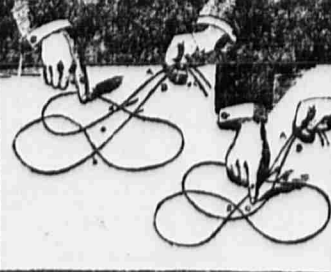
Native priests in New Britain keep the savages in subjection by means of the Douk-Douk, supposed to be an evil spirit, but in reality merely a priest dressed as here shown.

## ODD SWORD HILTS.



Roman soldiers under the empire had hilts similar to the above on their swords.

## WITH A PIECE OF CORD.



Take a piece of cord about two yards long, hold the two ends with the thumb and index finger of the right hand and form the figure shown on the left side of the illustration on the table. The task is to pull the cord off the table while another person is trying to prevent it by placing the index finger on any spot inside the figure formed by the cord. You may be certain that any one will select the part of the loop marked with O. When we now pull the two ends of the cord it will slide past the finger that is trying to prevent it.

Let us start over again. We lay the cord again and declare that if the partner places the index finger on the same spot of the figure the finger will be caught and the cord will not be removed. The partner places the finger on P. We pull, and the cord is actually held fast.

Solution: The partner has not noticed that we have changed the loops of the cord. By comparing the two figures in our illustration you will notice the change. In the figure on the right the right end of the cord forms first the loop A, while in the figure on the right it forms first the loop B, so that in this case the loop A belongs to the left end of the cord.

## THE DISEASES OF PLANTS.

The United States Department of Agriculture now has well-equipped laboratories for the investigation of the diseases of plants in Washington City, Florida and California. There are also fifty experiment stations where plant diseases are studied, and in perhaps half that number of colleges practical courses on plant life are given.